

# Tyrconnel's Letter TO THE RENCH KING FROM IRELAND.

Licensed August 18. 1690.

Thrice Invincible, Thrice August, and Thrice Christian Majesty,

**W**Hilst for many years the most thinking Statesmen have not been at a loss, nor altogether in the Dark, when they have considered, That the vast and stupendious Growth, and Preparations of the French Crown, must necessarily produce most Astonishing and unaccountable Effects and Revolutions on the State of the World: Now is the Time, when our Intrepid Councils, your Irresistible Arms, yourathomable Conduct, and stupendious Allies, are to shew themselves in the Acquest of that, which must unavoidably be the Consequence of the Sagacious, Close, and Important Designs. It is by these Inimitable Methods, that your unrivall'd Majesty hath Aggrandiz'd the Throne of France, whilst the immortal Names of *Nero* and *Caligula*, all fade and languish, when that more Tremendous of *Lewis the Great* shall be mentioned. The mighty *Lewis*, who sits at the Steerage of the Universe, having grasp'd the Power of the Fates in his hands, and can sink or swim the trembling Vessel at a Pleasure. This hath occasion'd some of our modern Divines to see the *Deity* through the *Hero*, & with a Flattery beyond any but your own *Abdi* Parasites, give you a Style no less Sacred and mortal, than that of the *Gods of Old*; There intent nothing but the Assizing Altars, and a Service, and you might have sat in the *Pantheon*, if that company be not too much beneath your Standard.

With what polish'd Foreheads have our Jacobites

Clergy, and their inferior *Fry of Kittling Tories* made the Coffee-houses and Clubs of the Town, re-found with your unparalleled *Victories* and *Successes*? The *Glory* of your *Arms*, the *Grandure* of your *Empire*? The *Weahh, Ease, and Luxury* of your *Vassals*, have been their daily Theams, not omitting the unspeakable *Happines*s of those that have put themselves under the Umbrage of your *Protexion*.

O! Had the *Courage* of their Hands equall'd the *Rhodomontades* of their Tongues, your Royal *Azie*, our *Abdicating Master* had again been Re-instat'd in the Throne of *Britain*, and call'd his perfidious People to account, for opposing his Sacred Designs of *Restoring Religion* to *Pristine Paganism*; the Monarchy to an *Absolute, Uncontrollable, and Unlimited Sway*; and the People to an *Orthodox, Couchant, Bigotted State of Slavery*.

But that the Infallible Maxims of Polity, whereby your *All-subduing Majesty* arrived to this indisputable Power, may now at length, shine forth in their Native Lustre, and convince the stupid World, how impossible it was for them to hinder the Accomplishment of your glorious Purposes; I shall with all humble Reverence, presume to open the sacred *Cabinets* of your most Christian *Intrigues*, that the whole World may see how *Unavoidable* it is for them to become your *Vassals*.

The Foundation of that stupendious *Machine* upon which the whole Texture of your Majesties *Glorious Projects* have moved, may aptly fall under these four Considerations, mention'd in the beginning

ing, which gives an undeniable Demonstration of your profound Sagacity, and the great Ascendence you have acquired over Princes of inferior Alay. I shall touch these in Order, and speak,

1 First of your *Council*, which may be divided into two Parts, *Simple* and *Mixt*.

That which I call *Simple*, is either the uncompounded Advice which is taken from the mighty *Oracles* of Cardinal *Mazarin's* Papers, when the *Great Lewis* retires into the Conclave of his *Closet* to consult his *Father*, *Guardian* and *Tutor*, who having the *Ambition* of an *Ecclesiastick*, and the *Subtilty* of a *Statesman*, easily forelawn, 'twas impossible for *France* to encrease, as long as that *Great Captain*, and *Politician Cromwel*, sat at the *Helm of England*: Therefore 'twas necessary to Contract private *Alliances* with the *Exil'd Princes*, and to give them such measures, that *France* might always keep the *Ascendent*.

He that considers the state of your Majesties Kingdom in the *Year 60*, and the prodigious *Increm't* it is arrived to since, may easily be satisfied in this.

But the more *simple Council* is, when your most *August Monarchship* consults en'y your own *Will* and *Pleasure*; and then by an *Uncontrollable Power*, raise an *ARM'T* to thaw the Snow off the sides of the *Alpes* with their *Encampments*, whilst the *Vicer General* at *Rome* is compelled to set up the *Picture* and *Emblment* of your *Divinity* above that of his *Holiness*; and by a formal *Embusie* to supplicate, That the *Tropies* of your *Glorious Victories* may be enclosed from the *publick View*, least the *Inhabitants of Rome* fall to their old *Excess of Loyalty*, to *Deifie* their *Emperour*.

Your *mixt Council* is such, as of whom it may without *Vanity* be said, That no *Prince* in the *World*, except the *Prince of Darkness* himself, ever saw the *Fellows* of them: Their *Councils* so close and dark; Their *Designs* so *Impenetrable* and *deep*, as if brooded in the *Infernal Region*: Nor has it been in the power of your *Enemies*, with all their *Subtilty*, to bring their amazing *Projects* to *Light*, 'till they have discovered themselves by the *Radiant Beams* of *Opulent Cities* all on *Fire*, and *Feril Villages* in *Blaze*. What did they ever stick at, that might advance the *Grandure* of your *Throne*, and spread your devouring *Legions* over the *Neighbouring Provinces*? Have they not precipitated your *Majesty* on all those *Glorious Enterprizes* that must render you the most accomplish'd of *Ho'rs*, and *Eternize* your *Memory* in the same *fragrant* and *immortal Roll* with *Julian*, *Tarquin*, and *Heliogabalus*? With what *Indefatigable Zeal* have your great *Ministers* been lifting up the *Reputation* of your *Faith* and *Veracity*, of which the *Exiling* your *Protestant*

Subjects, and *Ravaging* the *Territories* of your *Neighbour Princes* and *Allies*, are such standing *Testimonies*, that they have raised *Monuments* to your *Fame*, that will outlast your *States*, *Pillars* and *Triumphal Arches*. So that what was once said of your *Neighbouring C'rgy*, may now be with greater Reason be applied; *Clerus Britannicus* and *Superior Mundi*, may very aptly be recorded of your *Matchless Council*; They are, like their *stupendous Master*, the *Wonder* and *Astonishment* of the rest of *Mankind*. And when your *Sultan'ship* deserv'd to fit in *Divan* among them, you look so like the *Son of the Sun*, or *Jupiter Hammur*, or what you please, that compared to your Greatness, all your *Predecessors* look'd but like *Tooth-drawers* or *Jack Puddings*.

2. And this, most *August Monarch*, brings me to the second Head (viz.) your *Allies*, which I speak you no less formidable than your *Council*, if the strength of a *Monarch* be to be calculated from the considerableness of his *Alliances*: Those of the *Mighty Lewis* cannot but speak your *Majesty* very terrible to the *Opposers* of your *Greatnells*; for that, having for many years contriv'd an *Amity* with your *Brother* of the *Alcoran*. He hath on his part so irrefragably stuck to your *powerful Interest*, that it hath not only cost him displacing one *Emperour* from the *Throne*, but endanger'd the total *shaking off* the *Empire* from this *present Sultan*: Notwithstanding which, so inviolable are his *Resolutions* of preserving your Majesties *Friendship*, that he prefers it above the *Contendable Throne of Mahomet*; and there being so great a *Resemblance* in your *Designs*, there is no *fear* of his falling off, unless some unhappy *Difference* should arise betwixt the *Mufit*, and the *Archishop of Paris* about *Precedence*.

Others, which your *Immense Wisdom* admitted to the *Honour* of your *Friendship*, were the two *kin* *Kings of Great Britain*, who likewise postponing *Worldly Considerations* to that of serving your exalted *Interest*, gave up *themselves* and their *Councils* to you wholly at your Majesties *Disposal*. The first of them was so entirely devoted to the pursuit of his *secret Appetites*, as if the *Safety*, *Honour* and *Wealh* of both *Kingdoms* had not appertained to his *Care*, but the all the *Trust*, *Power*, and *Interest* he was exalted into had been only entrusted with him to aggrandize your *sacred Sultan'ship*, and to capacitate your *Majesty* for the attaining your *vast unbundt Design*. 'Twas this gave the *rise* to that mighty *Flota*, which from your *Majesty* justly claims the *Name of Invincible*: This was it, That made him hold the *Neighbouring Princes* in *subpence* with *Treaties*, *League*, and *pretended Alliances*, till your *Majesty* had by an *unpractifed Method* taken their *Provinces*, and *Territories* into your *powerful Protection*, and *Possession*. And it was this made the *Faith* and *Conduit* of the

es of your Prince of very little Reputation amongst the high standing Potentates of Europe, as was well and notably expressed to your victorious Majesty, upon deliverying up the Keys of the City of Ghent, and laying was one of them at your Illustrious Feet.

may no be last of these by an Act of superlativ, inimitable Britannian and unpreserved Friendship, so absolutely renounced of your his own Interest to his Crown, and Kingdoms, suspending the relinquished; and abdicated them All, rather than not follow that incomparable Pattern, your abd'p descendent Majesty had set him, to compel all his People to like to submit to what Law, and what Religion the un-

what your Wisdom of a Prince, who alone aspired to the all your of being like your Majesty, should think fit or just up. Oh! had his Troops been so good Apes

your Dragoons, and the Doctrin of Passive Obedience

brings as heartily obeyed, and practised, as it was preach'd, es, who inculcated, what a happy Reformation had been

Council on the Face of the Earth? How boundless had

the Calm the Extent of your Glorious Empire? Who Alliance did not have been of a Religion recommended

break you the most Christian Monarch? And why, since of your Potent Predecessors of Assyria, Persia, Ethiopia,

ears of Rome, and your present Ally at the Port, have

the Allocated to themselves a Power (some of them) not

ask to you to determine the Modalities of Worship, but cost the very Gods too; should the more potent Lewis

but denyed setting up Temples, and Altars to whom

from thinks fit; Yea even to your most sacred self, if so

inviolate Royally enclined? Hath not a late Bi-

Majestie E- shop + Empowered the Magistrate to

Comem. Polity. set up any Religion he thinks most a-

greeable to the Nature and Ends of

is no government? and ought such a Glorious Preng-

Different to be parted with? No, farewell Crown! fare-

Arch Dominion! - It were much better, with my grea-

ter, to be content to keep a Nursing Room, and

mittend the Cradle of a growing Prince at St. Germans,

two be head of such a Refractory People.

oming What Prince in the Universe could ever be hap-

aled in his Allies? 'tis in the Choice of these

ils to care of your great Wisdom shines to the Admi-

of theion of all the Courts in Christendom? Was ever

is fess'd, was ever Constancy, and Sincerity like theirs?

of look into all the other Actions of their Lives, and

but the will find them bear no proportion with their Fi-

alated City to your Majesties most Attractive, Charming,

grand All-Obtaining Interest.

our Ms. A Third head to be spoken to is your Invinci-

ble Design Armes, the Terroir of which hath put the whole

, whilke under Contribution to your matchless Prowess!

! I have not the Gates of more Cities opened to your

Neighbores, than ever were broken open by your Bombs?

Leave not your Lemis D' or contributed more to your

ad by night Conquests within, than ever your Batteries, and

nd Trocks could arrive to without! What General ever

Possess'd so succesful an Artillery? These never-fail-

of, the Petards have turned so vastly to your Majesties

Interest; That out of an unexampled Piece of Po-  
lity, your most Christian Majesty hath ordered the  
Coyning-up of your Household-Plate, and the Church-  
Plate, into Battering Pieces of that Kind: And having  
heard of a war maintained by Boskins, and Teimblers,  
your Majesty hath resolved to try how a Storm of  
Candle-Cups, Candlesticks, Basins, and Church-Plate  
will succeed. This unaccountable Stratagem can never  
fail of attaining wonders; especially if the Titular  
Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Bungundy lead the  
Van. Of your other Artillery I shall take leave to speak  
when there is Occasion.

4. That singular, and auspicious Conduct which hath managed, and given Reputation to all your Majesties Actions, shall be the last thing I will now presume to mention, and trouble your Royal Patience with! And, herein, it must be acknowledged your Majesty hath out-did all former Precedents. Hath not the ever victorious James reduced Ireland? Is not Monsieur Catinat in the Bowels of Savoy? were not the Dutch Troops all cut to pieces in the Plain of Fleurus, and the English Fleet sunk to the Bottom of the Sea, all but about Eighty Sail now in quest of the Victorious French Fleet? Are not all the Maritime Towns in England burnt, their Country Ravaged, and have given their late King, Queen, and the Prince of Wales for Hostages; that they will be Loyal and Obedient Vassals to your Majesty for the future? If this Honour be denied to your Majesty after so many glorious Efforts of your imitable Courage, and Conduct, what can be hoped from a blind, fordid, and ungrateful World?

I am not ignorant the Censurous part of Mankind think, that the equipping the most Glorious Fleet that ever put to Sea out of the Ports of France, and that to a Charge so stupendiously great, that it hath sunk the mighty Heaps your Majesty hath been for many Years past Ravaging from the rest of Europe; They think the prolixous Charge of that Fleet, and the Army in Ireland have not been answered by Successes of either. They little consider the Glory that is acquired by burning the Fisherboats, and Cottages at Tinguemouib; and the vast Reputation Monsieur Languin an my self have purchased to our selves by fortifying Limerick, and Galway, from whence we have Convenience of Retiring, when we can stay no longer! And what will their Great Captain and Leader King William have Conquered after all the expiring his Person, and fatiguing of his Army, but a bare Skeleton of a Kingdom; a Country despoiled, and depopulated? And such your great Wisdom hath taken Care the French Kingdom shall be, if ever the Confederate Arms should posses themselves of their Dividens there.

We have not omitted, Mighty Sir, to smak the Altar of St. Patrick every Day, and to call upon all our Tuelar Guardians, Male, and Female; but whether they are so busied in preparing Equipages to grace your solemn Triumphs, or whether they are resolved

your

your Majesty shall have the Glory of your Acquests entirely to your self; certain it is we have not been able to prevail with them, to set one Finger to the work; which makes our *Enemies* vociferate, as if the Day were their *own*: Nothing can give *cheque* to their *Insolence*, but the *Pomps* of your Majesties *Triumphant Medals, Statues, and Arches*; and rather than let the *Notion* of your *Victories* yet out of your Peoples heads; had I the Honour to be of your *supream Divan*, my humble Motion should be, that *Lubtrations, Ovations, and a General Jubile* should be proclaimed; That if the *Enemies Troops* come into your *Country*, they may find such Marks of *Joy* and *Satisfaction*, that may prevail with them to lay down *their Arms*, and put themselves under the happy Government of so *clement* a *Monarch*: Or if that shall not prevail with them to omit the *Prosecution* of their *Revengeful Purposes*, How glorious, and unprezidented will it be for your *Invincible Monarchship* to expire *Phoenix-like* in your own *Neſt* of Spices at *Veraſailes*!

To conclude this swelling Paper, How very temptible must the great *Alexander*, and *Cæſar*, upon themselves to be, when they shall consider much greater *Lewis* in all his *Glories*, amidst *Altar, Triumphs, Acclamations and Statues*, sitting down an *undisturbed Calmness*; like a *Roman Deity*, & playing a Game at Cards with *Madam Maimini* his *Pompous Trianon*, for the next *To-be-conquered Kingdom*, or else diverting himself amongst his *ter-works*: And that shall see the *Mighty James* loose with *Lawrels and Triumphs*, forfake his growing tories to come, and shake a *Ronle* to his *Miran Prince* at *St. Germain*? Who, I say, can behold unexampled *Heroes*; thus *innocently enteraining themselves* amidst the *unintelligible Crouds* of their *hble Adorers*? This, Mighty Conquerour, is the *pinnes* I most *Ambition*, and shall take the *firſt opportunity* to number my self amongst these *hble Strongs*: I am,

*Most Dread,  
Most Invincible,  
Most Tremendous Monarch,*

*Your Most Christian Majesties,*

*Most Bigotted,  
Most Stupid, and  
Most Constant  
Vassal, Adorer and Admirer,*

**TYRCONNEL**

London, Printed for *Richard Baldwin*, in the *Old-Baily*, 1690